

VOL. II.—No. 31. PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1829. WHOLE NUMBER 261.

CHARLES ALEXANDER, PUBLISHER, No. 49 SOUTH THIRD STREET, THREE DOORS BELOW CHESNUT.—TERMS \$8 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF YEARLY IN ADVANCE.

spite of their form, their rigidity did not deprive them of all their claim to such an appellation. He wore an antique mitre upon his head; his hands were folded upon his breast; and over his right shoulder rested a pastoral crook. There was a solemn expression in his countenance, and his eye might truly be called stony. His beard could not be well said to wave upon his bosom, but it lay upon it in ample profusion, stiffer than that of a Jew on a frosty morning after midnight. As Larry soon discovered to his horror on looking up at the niche, it was no other than Saint Colman himself, who had stepped forth, in indignation, from his tomb, at the steps and in the

And in order to suit the action to the word the whole four-and-twenty arose at once, and with their immoveable eyes fixed firmly on the face of our hero, who, horror-struck with the

gentleman in black, with eyes gleaming more furiously than ever, and his horns (for, in his haste, he had let his hat fall) relieved in strong shadow against the moon. Up started Larry; away ran his pursuer after him. The safest refuge was, of course, the church; thither ran our hero—

As darts the dolphin from the shark,

therefore I revoke the above bequests, and leave, to be enjoyed by them jointly, *peace, harmony, and good nature.*

“ *Item.* Notwithstanding my illness, I think I shall outlive ‘ed Shuter; if I should not, I had thoughts of leaving him my example how to *live*; but that, I am afraid, would be of little use to him; I therefore leave him my example how to *die*.

“ *Item.* I leave Mr. Brewster a small portion of *modesty.* Too much of one thing is good for

as known that forgeries had been committed upon the house of Curtis and Co. by him, one of the partners in the house of Frye and Chapman immediately disclosed a secret, which had to that moment been kept with the most culpable

TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER.
The pilgrim fathers—where are they !
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore :
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And within the ship, with noise—*Pierced*

And while the state can do it, it's not

